

SMALLEY IN RACE FOR TAX COMMISSIONER

George H. Smalley, one of the best known newspapermen in the southwest and a former editor of The Tucson Citizen will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for tax commissioner at the September primaries. Smalley is an expert in tax matters having made a study of them since he was deputy tax collector of Minnesota in 1895. He came to Arizona in 1896 and engaged in mining and newspaper work until 1901 when he founded the Tucson Post, having resigned as editor of The Citizen. In 1902 he became private secretary to Governor Brodie and in 1905 was made Clerk of the United States Court for the Fifth District, residing at Solomonville and Globe. When Arizona became a state, he again engaged in newspaper work which he gave up to become secretary of the Maricopa County Non-Partisan Tax Payer's League. He left this position to become secretary of the Pima County Taxpayer's Association. Last winter he was appointed City Auditor of Tucson. He became a candidate for Tax Commissioner at the solicitation of the Pima county Republican Central Committee and will be the only representative of that county, which always returns the largest republican majority in the state, on the state ticket.

What Availeth It All?

Hetty Green is dead. In heralding her demise to the world the dispatches dwell on the fact that she left a hundred million or more in dollars. And if she did, what does that represent? Is gold the basis of things everlasting? Those to whom she left it may readily dissipate the fortune. But what example did she establish; what precept did she preach; what virtue did she immortalize? What place in the hearts of the people does she retain? These are the essential things to herald to the world. The man or woman who is remembered by good deeds and noble virtues are the one's to be most emulated. Hetty Green probably did her share of good deeds, but the world is exalting her for the money she accumulated, and none of this serves her now.—Needles Nugget.

An Industrious Mountaineer

"I never saw a more industrious woman than that Mrs. Crum," the teacher remarked before the Kentucky mountain boys and girls gathered at the school dinner table. "Why, even when I meet her on the road she pulls her yarn and needles out of her pocket and goes to knitting."

Teacher's manifestation of surprise brought forth a volley of ejaculations from the children, each of whom had mother, aunt or cousin who was equally ardent at wool working.

"Oh," exclaimed one little fellow, reaching the climax of the discussion, "I had a grandmother who was the knittiest woman I ever known. She used to take her knitting to bed with her, and every few minutes she would take it out. I polished all their floors."

"We Are Ten"

Young Canfield was a household decorator, and one day he was called to the country home of an eccentric man, father of a large and interesting family of daughters.

One of his daughters acted as his guide through the house, that he might give an estimate for redecoration. His attention was caught by a motto, framed and prominently displayed over the door of the room of each girl, which read:

"Learn to say yes."

"Would you mind," asked the young man, "telling me what that motto means?"

"Oh," exclaimed the young woman with a blush, "that's one of father's ideas. There are ten of us girls, you know."

A Small Point

Barrister's Wife—So your client was acquitted of murder. On what grounds?

Barrister—Insanity. We proved that his father once spent two years in an asylum.

Barrister's Wife—But he didn't, did he?

Barrister—Yes. He was doctor there, but we had not time to bring that fact out.

His Backache Gone

More men have kidney trouble than are aware of it. Just how serious a backache, sore muscles, aching joints, rheumatism, swollen ankles, and blurring vision may be is sometimes realized only when a man attempts to take out life insurance and is refused on account of kidney trouble. Joseph G. Wolf, 734 So. Jackson st., Green Bay, Wis., writes: "Foley Kidney Pills relieved me of a severe backache that had bothered me for several months." Any symptom of kidney trouble deserves attention. Will Marlar Pharmacy.—Advertisement.

PRIMARY LAWS AS THEY NOW WORK

One of the most amusing instances of the direct primary law, as she now works, occurred at the Chicago convention. The Oregon delegation was instructed by the people to vote for a man by the name of Webster for the office of vice-president; he was the only candidate on their ticket in Oregon for the office and consequently received some 20,000 votes, as the name of Webster seemed to sound good to the voters. Nebraska also gave him one delegate. At the Congress hotel, the night before the convention, while the writer was sitting down waiting for a long distance call from Mr. Hughes, Col. Roosevelt and a number of others, in order to have things ready for the next day, a medium sized, middle aged fellow, who apparently had on his very best clothes, slid along on the settee close up, and noticing that we carried several pounds of medals, including an ample decoration of ribbons on our manly chest; inquired in a sweet, small, inoffensive voice:

"You are a delegate, ain't you?"

Well, that was our hull business back there, and we spread our chest out until every decoration could be seen for yards around, and answered in a languid, large way: "Er, yes."

"Well, did you see what the Evening News said about me tonight; I believe that I will stand a good chance in the final break; Oregon is solid for me and Nebraska has one and I believe more will follow. My name is Webster and I am a candidate for the vice-presidency."

This was rather startling, and just for something to do to keep busy, we gave a page \$50 in Mexican money to page General Pancho Villa for ten minutes, as a diversion until our nerves steadied down to high company. Evidently our name was spelled wrong and we failed to get the long distance call from the fella mentioned above, so settled back again to see what job we could frame up with Webster.

When Webster settled down to tell me his story, we at first commenced to look around for squirrels, and his story was an honest one, borne out by the facts as the records will show: "Four years ago in Illinois, I had my name put on the primary ticket for congressman at large, and came very near winning out. Of course few people knew me and it only cost a few dollars; this year I have spent only about \$100 and got my name on the Oregon and Nebraska tickets, and you can see what a fellow can do by getting out that way and being advertised. Four years from now I'll be pretty well advertised and if I have money enough, will be able to make a big showing—many people will vote for you if you can make your name familiar." This, as a matter of fact, was his statement, and for the moment we felt in duty bound to vote for him, because all "nuts" should stand together.

Later, when it was apparent that our name had been spelled irretrievably wrong and that possibly Hughes and the other fellers were busy and had forgotten our ring up, we chanced to run across Senator Fulton of Oregon and incidentally congratulated him on the Oregon choice for vice-president.

Senator Fulton of Oregon is a fine up-standing man, and when we made the pass as to their instructions, he shrunk some, and inquired: "Is there such a man as Webster?"

"They sure are, we just met him down stairs; he lives in Chicago, seems to have heard from Oregon. Would you like to meet him?"

Senator Fulton's answer was just such of a kind that a person would cause one to realize that there was no use pursuing the inquiry any further.

Just to be a good fellow, while waiting for telephone calls, we introduced Mr. Webster to the Illinois delegation, New York and others just as a fair sample of the primary system now in vogue.

Aside from painfully and frankly lying about the telephone calls, this is an honest and truly story of what actually happened, and the newspaper bunch back in Chicago are reserving it as private history.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Intelligent motherhood conserves the nation's best crop?

Heavy eating like heavy drinking shortens life?

The registration of sickness is even more important than the registration of deaths?

The U. S. Public Health Service cooperates with state and local authorities to improve rural sanitation?

Many a severe cold ends in tuberculosis?

Sedentary habits shorten life?

Neglected adenoids and defective teeth in childhood menace adult health?

A low infant mortality rate indicates high community intelligence?

COMPANY I MEMBERS ALL WELL AT CASA GRANDE

If any of the men of Casa Grande or vicinity are desirous of willing to enter the service of the United States for Mexican border duty now is the opportunity, according to official notice sent to the headquarters of Company I, First Arizona Infantry, now stationed here.

The U. S. mustering office announces that it will send a special recruiting office here provided several men of this community indicate a desire to enlist. It is quite possible that such Casa Grande boys who join the service may be allowed to become members of Company I, or any other company they desire, because the War department has ordered that all states recruit the militia companies in Federal service up to full war strength, which is about 150 men per company.

Should any desire to enlist, it is requested that they give their names to Captain Robison or any of the other officers of Company I as soon as possible so that the necessary information may be sent to the proper authorities and a recruiting officer sent here.

Company I is composed mostly of Flagstaff and Yuma men, the former city being the organization's home station. None of the boys appear to be at all inconvenienced by the warm weather and all enjoy excellent health and good spirits. Their presence in Casa Grande has given the people of this locality a greatly increased sense of security and the soldier boys have been loud in their thanks for the treatment and entertainment accorded by the people of this town.

Several of the boys in khaki are preparing their "stunts" for the entertainment which is to be given next Friday evening. There is considerable talent in the company and they add much to the pleasure of the affair.—Casa Grande Bulletin.

An Informal Knot

Major George W. Teldeman of Savannah, Ga., tells the following about the old-time Georgia editor who was usually mayor, justice of the peace and real estate agent as well.

Upon one occasion one of these editors was busy writing an editorial on the tariff when a Georgia couple came in to be married. Without looking up, without once slacking his pen, the editor said:

"Time's money; want her?"

"Yes," said the youth.

"Want him," the editor nodded toward the girl.

"Yes," she replied.

"Man and wife," pronounced the editor, his pen still writing rapidly.

"One dollar. Bring a load of wood for it. One-third pine, balance oak."

A Good Horse

Old Mr. Caswell was an inveterate horse trader, and also a good deal of a wag.

One day he swapped a decidedly disreputable looking nag, and after the deal was consummated he said:

"Now, sir, I'll tell yer fair an' square. That horse has got two faults."

"Yes, and more, too, I guess," assented the other. "But what are the two you mention?"

"Well," confided old Caswell, slowly, "if he gets out in the field he's th' hardest horse to ketch ye ever see, an' when ye ketch him he ain't worth a cuss."

"Corns All Gone! Let's ALL Kick!"

Every Corn Vanishes by Using Wonderful, Simple "Geta-It" Never Fails. Applied in 2 Seconds.

Isn't it wonderful what a difference just a little "Geta-It" makes—on corns and calluses? It's always right somewhere in the world, with many



"Wheel I Don't Care! I Got Rid of My Corns With 'Geta-It'!"

folks humped up, with cork-screwed faces, gouging, picking, drilling out their corns, making packages of their toes with plasters, bandages, tape and contraptions,—and the "holer" in their corns goes on forever! Don't you do it. Use "Geta-It." It's marvelous, simple, never fails. Apply it in 2 seconds. Nothing to stick to the stocking, hurt or irritate the toe. Pain stops. Corn comes "clean off," quick. It's one of the gems of the world. Try it—you'll kick from joy. For corns, calluses, warts, bunions.

"Geta-It" is sold everywhere, 25c a bottle, or sent direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sold in Flagstaff and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by the Hunter Drug Co. and Will Marlar Drug Store.

JUDGE BAUGHN MAY MAKE RACE FOR SUPREME JUDGE

The friends and acquaintances of Judge Otis J. Baughn at home and over the state are urging him to make the race for the Supreme Court on the republican ticket.

Judge Baughn was elected two years ago in Pinal county, which is a strongly democratic county, over a staunch democrat who was then an incumbent of the bench. He has made good as Judge in every respect and has given general satisfaction. His excellent record in Pinal county as well as his standing in many other counties where he has held court will elect him, his friends assert, if he will consent to become a candidate. He is a young man with plenty of vigor and energy and has shown himself to be a square and clear-minded jurist. So far he has discouraged all efforts made to get him to run, but his friends are hoping that the call will become so general and so insistent that he will become a candidate.

Let the Women Work

"Jags always knows just what would save the country. He takes in every point."

"And what does his wife do?"

"Oh, she takes in washing."

Still Keeping It

"I wish my wife was less firm in keeping her New Year resolution."

"What was it?"

"She resolved that I would quit smoking."

Few Steps

Soulful Youth (at the piano)—Do you sing "Forever and Forever?"

Matter-of-Fact Maiden.—No, I stop for meals.

Landlady—I'll give you just three days in which to pay your rent.

Student—All right. I'll take the Fourth of July, Christmas and Easter.

For Summer Troubles

Hay fever afflicts thousands and asthma sufferers endure torture. Foley's Honey and Tar gives relief, for it allays inflammation and clears the air passages. It eases the terrible, gasping cough and soothes the membranes rasped by constant efforts to check irritating disturbances. This wholesome family remedy contains no opiates and a bottle lasts a long time. Will Marlar Pharmacy.—Adv.

CATTLE GROWERS WILL MEET AT FLAGSTAFF

You are hereby notified that the annual meeting of the Coconino Cattle Growers' Association will be held in Flagstaff, August 1, 1916.

We expect to have with us Mr. Paul G. Reddington, District Forester; Mr. John Kerr and Mr. E. K. Kavanagh, of the District Forester's office, to discuss various matters pertaining to grazing on the Coconino and Tusayan National Forests.

General matters of business handled by the Association during the past year, including the drift fence proposition, will be fully discussed, together with our plans for the ensuing season. Officers will be elected for the following year.

Please arrange to be here on Tuesday, the first of August, as we only hold one general meeting a year and it is to your interest to find out what is going on.

H. B. EMBACH, Secretary.

It is rumored that matters of vital importance to the cattlemen of this section will come up for discussion at

this meeting, questions which should receive the attention of the association as well as others interested in the cattle business.

Notice of Cattle Growers' Meeting

Notice is hereby given that there will be an important meeting of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association at Flagstaff, Tuesday August 1st, 1916. All members are urgently requested to attend this meeting as matters vital to their interests will be discussed with Forest Service Officials, aside from the election of officers for the coming year and the business handled the past year.

H. B. EMBACH, Secretary.
July 21—28.

Fiction and Fibs

The novelist's small boy had just been brought to judgment for telling a fib. His sobs having died away, he sat for a time in silent thought.

"Pa," said he, "how long will it be before I stop gettin' licked for tellin' lies an' begin to get paid for 'em like you do?"

James J. Corbett by Walt Mason

Once there were giants in the land, men who could scrap to beat the band. In modern times the cheapest skates are known as champeen heavyweights, but long ago, when Jim was young, men didn't fight with jaw or lung, but used their fists, and used them well—brave days of Jackson and John L. They slugged away, while they could stand, when there were giants in the land. And Corbett won his laurels then, among those mighty fighting men. He was the champion when that meant something more than getting fat, and standing, in a graceful pose, to figure in the movie shows. He's an authority on sport, and his decrees the wise ones court. He's an authority on smokes, and as his trusty pipe he stokes, he often says, "Tuxedo's best; it has the edge on all the rest."



JAS. J. CORBETT

Famous Prizefighter and Actor,

sees:

"My enthusiasm for the fragrance and mildness of Tuxedo has no limit. Tuxedo is without doubt the most satisfactory pipe tobacco."

James J. Corbett

"Nuthin's Good for Nuthin' When You're Dead"

That's a straight proposition and one that carries conviction, but why not

"Be a livin' when you're alive and livin' good."

Of all the fancy drink man has ever invented

Pure, Wholesome Milk

Still leads them all. It is no fad or fancy, but the real nutrition intended by all wise nature to Build, Protect and Promote

Human Health

The only real mystery is why the advice of scientific men is not followed in its more general and plentiful use.

Our milk product stands the test—Its pure—wholesome with the highest food value.

The Flagstaff Dairy

FRED GARING, Prop.